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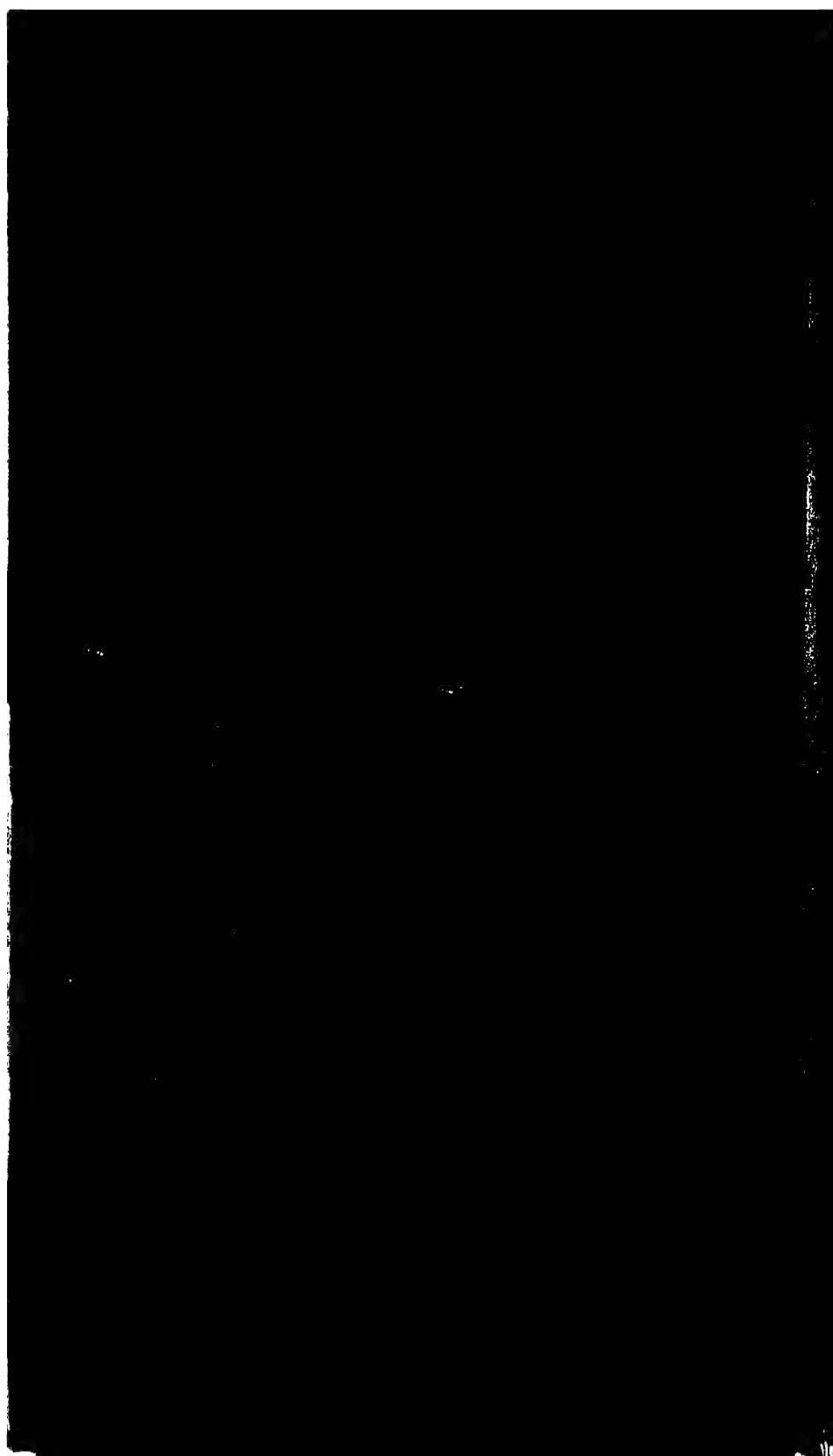
Expedition to Fort Garry

1870

by

John G. Bourne

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JOURNAL OF EXPEDITION TO FORT GARRY.

BY SERGEANT JOHN EMSLIE,

LATE NO. 2 CO., 13TH BATT.

Fort Garry, Sept., 1870.

will now try and redeem the promise I made you before leaving home, to you a connected and detailed account of the journey to this place, which I formed as a member of No. 3 Company, 1st Ontario Rifles. Of course you do not expect that this sketch will give you the particulars concerning the order of the Expedition, which it is impossible for me to do; but only in so far as I was concerned, and such movements of the other Companies as came under my notice. But what I write of No. 3, may be taken as a sample of the experience of the rest; so with this short preface, I will proceed at once with my narrative. I did not waste time telling you about the choice of the men from Hamilton; my departure (13 in number) for Toronto, on the 30th April; the rejection of 7 men, including myself; my subsequent re-examination and acceptance; and my future to join the Expedition on Monday, the 9th day of May. On my arrival in Toronto, I reported myself at the Crystal Palace Barracks to Adjutant Parsons, who on observing my rank expressed himself as sorry I had come too late to obtain my appointment on the staff, but said he would see what he could do for me. Next day I was appointed Assistant Orderly Room Clerk, a situation I much preferred to doing duty as a private. During my stay in Toronto, I messed with Mr. Hur (Orderly Room Clerk), and Campbell, who acted as Hospital Sergeant. My provisions were not the most sumptuous or varied description. The bill-of-fare was as follows:—Bread (dry) and coffee for breakfast; boiled beef and soup for dinner, the soup being the water in which the beef was boiled; and bread and tea for supper. No other vegetables than potatoes were served out, and milk and butter were the luxuries which we could only obtain by purchase by a good round price. The pleasing feature about the fare, was its abundance.

On Saturday, Companies 1 and 4 left Toronto for Sault Ste. Marie, taking Campbell with them as Surgeon. They were followed on Monday, the 16th, by Companies 2 and 3, who reached Collingwood by rail at 1 p. m. Nothing of interest occurred during that ride of 95 miles. We were immediately put on board the steamer, a steamer which could afford ample accommodation for 50 men, but was crowded with 100, besides oxen, wagons and stores for the Expedition. We reached Collingwood at 4 p. m. in a shower of rain, which however soon stopped, leaving the temperature rather cool. Great coats were in demand through the evening, and at 9 o'clock most of the fellows had settled down to sleep as they best might, using their blankets on the floor of the cabins. The weather being pretty good, the steamer pitched exceedingly, and some of the men were troubled with seasickness; some of them not being particular where they deposited their extra baggage. Next morning dawned warm and pleasant, and the day was spent in exploring and admiring the scenery along the route, which was magnificent. Our stopping place was at a little wooding place called Killarney, at the mouth of the Killarney Channel. While the crew were getting in wood, we paraded on shore much to the edification of the big Indians and little squaws perched on the rocks close by. Hence we proceeded to Little Current, which we reached about 1 p. m., and stopped for a few minutes to allow the men to go on shore and secure a fresh

supply of maple sugar, a favorite luxury. Thence we proceeded till we came to Smith's Mills, at the mouth of Spanish River, about 5 p. m. The boys made a frantic rush for whiskey but were terribly disappointed to find that temperance principles prevailed among the natives, nothing "hard" to be obtained for love or money. This was the more aggravating to them as no whiskey was to be had on board the boat. At 10 o'clock we turned in for the night; Faulkner, Kilvington and myself being lucky enough to secure a place alongside the boilers, over the Engine room. At 2 a. m. we reached Bruce Mines, where we stayed for a couple of hours. This was our last way station, the rest of the route was all plain sailing. We reached the Sault about 11 a. m. on Monday, 23rd May, and I was immediately put on the staff of the department as O. B. C. Major Wainwright was in command of the forces at the Sault (4 Companies), and we remained undisturbed, quietly performing the ordinary duties of camp life till the 2nd June, when a change came over the aspect of affairs.

On that day the gunboat *Prince Alfred* arrived at the Sault, having on board four Companies of the 2nd Battalion. At the same time the *Chicora* arrived, bringing the left wing of our Battalion with Headquarters. The French stayed at the Sault, and our left wing and No. 2 Company went to Thunder Bay, leaving Companies 3 and 4 at the Sault with the French, all under the command of Major Irving of the 2nd Battalion, our Major having gone with Headquarters. Irving, on assuming command, established an entirely new staff of his own, the old staff officers all going back to their duties. On Monday, 6th June, I paraded with the Company for the first time; and on Tuesday mounted my first guard since I joined the Expedition. The rest of the time till the 12th, was pretty well filled up with parades, fatigues and orderly duties. On that day we got orders to proceed in the *Chicora* to Fort William, and the fellows were very glad to get them, for we were tired of being under French domination. Captain Macklem, of our Company, was in command of the two Companies, and I held my old position as O. B. C., the principal advantage in that being that my knapsack was carried for me across the portage, and while on the boat I shared a stateroom with Acting Adjutant Peebles. We got up at 4 a. m. on the 12th, which was a Sunday, got breakfast, struck tents and marched across the portage, loaded the Steamer and embarked about 11 o'clock. The day was pleasant, but during the night it got rather foggy, which did not clear away till noon on Monday, just as we sighted the high rocks at the entrance to Thunder Bay. It was a grand sight to see those bare rocks towering a height of sheer 2,000 feet. We very narrowly escaped coming in contact with one of lesser magnitude on account of the fog, and we were not aware of its vicinity until we were close on it, when the engines were reversed and we came to a stand still not 20 yards distant from it. However we arrived safe and sound at Prince Arthur's Landing at 4.30 p. m., on Monday. Here McArthur and I again met and messaged together as of old; I resuming my former position as Assistant Orderly Room Clerk. The principal duties at Thunder Bay were fatigues; said fatigues consisting in building stockade forts; making and repairing roads, and when a vessel arrived unloading her. The Fort fatigue party of from 40 to 60 men from each Battalion, left for work at 6 a. m., breakfast at 8, return to work at 9, dinner at 1, and back to work at 2 till 5 p. m. The Road fatigue left at 8.30 a. m., taking dinner with them and came back to camp at tea time.

The force there consisted of the 1st Ontario Rifles, five Companies of 2nd Quebec Rifles, some Companies of 60th Rifles, and 20 men each Royal Artillery and Engineers. Three Companies of the 60th had gone on in advance to make the Roads. The camp was pitched about 5 miles from Fort William proper, which could only be reached by water. While here we were served out with serge blouses, have-cks, mosquito nets and beef boots; the latter being a most inelegant but useful article. I cannot well describe them, but imagine a moccasin composed of very hard leather, with a leg attached to it, strapped across the instep and also round the calf of the leg. Useful they are, as we have proved many a time while on boat service, and are a splendid thing for wading through water.

On Sunday, the 26th June, the real hard work commenced, by a Captain and 15 rank and file from each Battalion being sent in boats up the Kaministiquia River. They were followed on Wednesday by a squad of 60 men, and on Thursday by another squad of 70 men. On Friday morning, Companies Nos. 1 and 2 took the road, followed on Saturday by No. 4 Company. On the Sunday, the 60th Rifles or rather what was left of them, viz.: Headquarters, Band and No. 1 Company broke camp for work on the road. The remainder of the 1st Ontario Rifles, num-

ring 168 rank and 17 Officers left on the morning of the 4th July, leaving by the 2nd Quebec Rifles at the station together with the incapables of our battalion. For this road work the men were to receive extra pay to the liberal amount of one shilling sterling per day, each day to consist of 10 hours, time occupied in going and coming from work to be included. When on the march a pack and blankets of the men to be carried in the waggons, and the march to commence each morning at 3 o'clock, with hot tea before starting.

By 6 o'clock on the morning of the 4th, the army was in motion; Sergt. McArthur and I taking care of the wagon containing the effects of the orderly room. After a march of about 6 miles, we halted for breakfast; after which the march resumed for about 13 miles, which they accomplished by noon and ended their camping that day, and to make things pleasant; just about that time it commenced rain. One tent per Company was all that was allowed to be pitched that night. Again we were roused at 3 a. m. to undertake a march of nine miles, to a point which was to be our destination for the time being. There a slight difficulty presented itself to McArthur and me. We had a wagon and a horse, and that horse at a will of his own. We wanted the horse to go forward; but on our giving him plain intimations to that effect, we were rewarded by a contemptuous switch of the bob-tail, and a vigorous show of back action from his hind legs. Any motion would make was invariably a retrograde one; in a word, he was baulky and would not go. Of course we could not leave our effects there, so we waited till the whole force had passed us, and we were left in rear with the baggage guard. With his assistance we managed to get Bycephalus a few hundred yards forward; but another thought struck him, and he threatened serious damage to the dashboard if further interfered with. At last the guard moved off, leaving us to exchange for another steed, which we managed to do after some hours patient waiting, we resumed our journey, reaching the camp about 4 p. m., thoroughly drenched with rain and covered with mud.

Next day work was commenced by the whole force, except the Sergt. Major, McArthur and myself, who started to pick berries on the opposite side of the river. Kaminstiquia is here about 200 feet wide, and is spanned by a substantial bridge of eight arches; and by the way, that day's picking was the last fruit we did till we reached Fort Garry. That night the decree was issued that every man in camp except those sick and on guard, were to work on the roads next day. So we shouldered our shovels and axes like men, and commenced our first operations in navvying. And laborious enough the work was,—excavating drains and constructing culverts in a soil of such a nature that, by simply standing in it, you can collect more mud on your boots than you can throw out with a shovel.—So toiling in this manner for a while, McArthur and I took to carrying logs for the purpose of corduroying, and after that to cutting down trees for other fellows to use after we had cut them to the required lengths. We got back to camp about 5 p. m., having earned from 5.30 a. m. till that time, 25 cents extra per man.

I should have mentioned before this that on Wednesday evening, Capt. Macklem and 10 men of No. 3 Co., who had left Thunder Bay on the 29th June, arrived at camp, having marvellous tales to tell of having to wade through water breast sometimes neck high. They had no doubt very hard work to perform, but most of them considered themselves well repaid by viewing the beautiful scenery of the route. They mentioned having seen some beautiful falls, the largest of which was the Kakabeka, some 132 feet high. They continued their journey next day, having to complete a distance of about 71 miles, which it took them ten days to accomplish. On Friday we only put in half a day on the road, stopping at 11 a. m., having received orders to proceed to Matawie Bridge at 4 p. m. the next day. We commenced the march at 4.30 and arrived there at 6.30, again being met with a shower of rain. On Saturday the whole force again paraded for road work, and added another 25 cents per man to their credit. On Sunday morning there was a church parade at 7 a. m. No road work that day, for a wonder,—and for the hard work of the week previous it was indeed a day of rest, a parade at 4 p. m. being all the duty required of us. On Monday there was a very heavy shower of rain, which stopped all work on the road. Tuesday passed off quietly enough, though it was the Orangemen's day, and there was no excitement in camp. No thanks, for the simple reason there was nothing to be had to drink; an occasional play of orange ribbons or orange lilies was all that served to mark the day.—Wednesday was also spent on the road. On Thursday, the whole camp was aroused at 4 a. m., and after a couple of hours' great bustle and final preparation, the Battalion

on marched off to take up their camp at Calderon's Landing, some 7 miles further up the road. Their object in camping there was to improve the condition of the roads in the vicinity of their post. I remained at Matawie Bridge in the Assistant Commissary General's office till the morning of Tuesday, the 19th.

The head-quarters,—that is, Col. Wolsely and staff,—had left shortly before our Battalion, to take up their position at Dam Site, some 3 miles this side of Lake Shelandverau, and 7 miles beyond Caldron's Landing. The headquarters of the 2nd Batt. remained at the Matawie, there being no part of that Regiment in advance of that post, as there was no detachment of ours in rear of it. All day Friday and Saturday, I was busily engaged in the Commissariat office, making but returns, &c.

On Saturday, the 16th July, the 1st detachment of troops, consisting of Headquarters and 100 men of the 60th Rifles, left Lake Shebandowau in boats, en route for Fort Francis. The plan chalked out by Col. Wolsely was as follows: It would take five days to move all the regular troops, four days to get our Battalion off, and three days for the Quebec Battalion, making in all twelve days to move 105 boats constituting the Expedition. They were divided into 21 Brigades of five boats each. In addition to the troops, there were 315 voyageurs,—that is three for each boat. The distance to Fort Francis according to the plan, was 20½ miles from the east end of Lake Shebandowau, which in itself is 20 miles long. Unfortunately I there lost my copy of the plan, or I could tell you exactly what station each detachment would be posted at, and the distance from Fort Francis. Our employment at these stations would be forwarding stores which would be sent on at the rate of 15 tons per day. After reaching Fort Francis we expected plain sailing for 110 miles along Rainy River and Lake of the Woods, till we reached the North West angle of that lake shore, when there would remain 90 miles of a land journey to Fort Garry, which place we confidently expected to reach by the end of August.

But before I proceed with our journeyings by water, it might not be out of place to say a few words regarding that part of the country in which we had made so lengthened a sojourn. And first as regards the people. The inhabitants of the country are very, very few; properly speaking, if you were to remove all the people connected with the Expedition,—and which of course, were only a floating population,—the census of the region might be put down at *nil*; except at Thunder Bay, and a few people in other parts who are in the employ of the Hudson Bay Co. I did not see to my knowledge, any white, half-breed, or Indian, who was not in some way connected with the Expedition. Indians are very sparsely settled in that part of the country, and, besides mosquitos, black flies, and sand flies, there are no other living creatures of which the land can boast. And the country is in a great many respects well adapted to the inhabitants. The principal productions are rocks and wood. There are great hills made up entirely of rocks, and on which there is scarcely any vegetation. Where the rock is not, there are vast forests of birch, pine, tamarac, spruce and other trees. It is said—and I have not the least doubt of it—that the country is rich in minerals, if they could only be got at. Within a few miles of our camp at Thunder Bay, there were extensive silver mines. Five men are said to have taken \$12,000 worth of silver out of a lode 20 feet long, 8 feet wide and 20 feet deep, and that in a short time; but in another one only \$2800 worth was taken out in a year. The minerals are mostly of a less refined, though as valuable a kind, viz: iron. Our style of living was, of course, the ordinary military camp life, of which I need not give you any lengthened description. And now I will resume the thread of my narrative.

At 5.30 a. m. on Tuesday, the 19th July, I took passage on board a wagon, which, after two hours' hard riding over a corduroy road, dropped me at Brown's Lane, where I parted with all my kit and equipments, except my haversack, which contained my day's rations. They (my kit, &c.,) went on in the wagon to Oscondagee Creek, and I proceeded along Brown's Lane to join my Company at Calderon's Landing. I arrived there just as the Company was embarking in boats for the Oscondagee. I had my choice of routes, land or water, and chose the land route. As things turned out, I made a wise choice. The boating party left about 8.30 a. m. and as the party who were to march had not to leave till afternoon, I made myself at home in camp, getting a good breakfast and dinner in the Staff Sergeant's tent. Leaving Calderon's Landing at 4.45 p. m., three hours' march brought us to the Oscondagee, where we found the boating party had just arrived, having managed to get a thorough wetting in their voyage up the river. We camped here for the night, and next morning at 6.45 the whole Company took the road for Dam Site. The distance is only seven miles; but we did not get there till 9.30, owing to the roads.

being in a horrible state—the natural consequence of a fearful storm which raged through the night. The thunder and lightning were perfectly awful, but the crowning discomfort was the rain, which pelted through the tents and placed us in a miserable plight,—water flowing freely above, below and around us. No wonder the roads were bad, and besides we were in heavy marching order, under a July sun. We made a hearty dinner of fried hard tack, at 1 p. m. Next morning we were all on fatigue transporting stores and boats up the river to Shebandowau Lake, whence brigades of boats were leaving daily. We breakfasted at 5.30, and at 6 the *Algoma* mail arrived and was distributed, the usual eagerness being displayed for news from home. The fatigue duty on which we were ordered that morning was new to me and a few others. It was similar to what the greater part of No. 3. Company had performed in making their trip up the Kaimistiquia River from Thunder Bay to the Matawin Bridge. What we had to do then, however, was merely child's play compared to the other. In one of the boats would be stored a quantity of flour and pork, the crew consisting of two voyageurs, one non-commissioned officer and three men. The distance to Shebandowau Lake was said to be seven miles, and up stream. The time occupied in going up was two hours, having four rapids to surmount; to accomplish which object the N. Co. and men had to wade through the water, dragging the boat after them, while the voyageurs remained in the boat to steer clear of rocks. This was done four times, the water being considerably above our waists. We reached McNeill Bay safely, deposited our stores, and returned to Dam Site, the return trip occupying only forty minutes. We made a second trip and returned before dinner. Owing to the greater skill of the voyageurs we had on the second trip, we had only to "tack" three times instead of four, as at first. In the afternoon the A. C. G. sent for me to work in his office, by doing which I escaped another trip up the river. On Friday morning the Company was marched through the woods to the point of embarkation, McNeill Bay. There we pitched our tents for the last time as a Company prior to our embarkation. We found that No. 7 Co. had left on Thursday. No. 6 Co. left shortly after we arrived there, and No. 5 Co. in the afternoon. We were to start on Saturday morning, and the crews were picked out on Friday night—Faulknor, Balmer and myself being told off to the Captain's boat. On Saturday, 23rd July, notwithstanding the rain, which would persist in coming down, we had everything ready for a start by 8 a. m., except a few barrels of hard tack, which did not arrive from the Dam Site till noon. While we were thus delayed, Headquarters and Companies one and two arrived at the Dam Site, and I received an unexpected visit from McArthur, whom I had not expected to see till we met at Fort Francis. He went back to the Dam Site about noon, and we started on our voyage at 1.45 p. m.

There were six boats in our brigade, and we were furnished with 60 days' rations, the objective point being Fort Francis, where we were to arrive as soon as we could. It was the intention at first to station one or two companies at each of the portages between McNeill Bay and Fort Francis, for the purpose of forwarding surplus stores and supplies, at the rate of 15 tons per day, till all had left the Dam Site. This would have kept a Company on one portage for a period of 15 or 16 days; but arrangements were made with Mr. Dawson, of the Public Works Department, whereby he agreed, by the agency of voyageurs and boats, to perform the service of forwarding stores.

At 1.45 p. m., then, on the 23rd July, "M." Brigade, Capt. Macklem commanding, left McNeill Bay. There were two voyageurs to each of the six boats, and in the Captain's, which was the leading boat, the Indian guide took up his position. Our crew consisted of the Captain, eight non-commissioned officers and men, two voyageurs, and the guide. The latter could not speak one word of either English or French, communication was carried on therefore by signs. We were lucky enough to have two voyageurs who were willing to do their share of rowing, so that from the first we had two reliefs, one hour on and one hour off, rowing five oars. Our cargo consisted of six barrels of pork, seven barrels flour, three barrels of biscuits, three barrels sugar, three chests tea, two large hams, two boxes ammunition, besides the boat equipment, and the knapsacks, arms, &c., of the crew. This was a pretty good load,—though some of the crews had much larger loads,—but of course kept gradually decreasing as the stores were consumed. A head wind which prevailed prevented us from using our sails, and it took five and a half hours rowing to bring us to the western extremity of Lake Shebandowau, the distance being variously estimated at from 20 to 30 miles. We found before we got through with our journey that we could not rely upon the distances given by those who were supposed

to know as being correct. In many instances where "a mile and a bit" was mentioned as the distance to a given point, the "bit" turned out to be a great deal longer than the mile.

At the end of the Lake we came to Kashabonie Portage, which is nearly a mile across, and is the only means of communication between Lakes Shebandowau and Kashabonie. There we found Nos. 5, 6 and 7 Companies still occupied portaging their stores. A company of the 60th Rifles had only left that day. Owing to the crowded state of the portage, we could do nothing that night, not even to unload the boats, so we pitched our tents. Faulknor and I made what is called a dog tent out of our water proof sheets. This species of tent takes its name from its resemblance to a dog kennel, and from the ease with which it is put up, obtained great favor among the men. Two men can sleep under one of them very comfortably. On Sunday morning, as we could not get to work, we crossed to the opposite shore and amused ourselves picking raspberries till dinner time. After dinner, Nos. 6 and 7 Companies having managed to get away from the portage, we worked for a couple of hours unloading the boats and carrying the stores one-third of the way across. Having accomplished this much, we had more berry-picking till tea time. On Monday morning we went to work bright and early, transporting boats and stores across. We went to work in the following manner: There were three or four carts on this portage, (by the way, the only portage on which there were carts), which we loaded up with stores of all kinds, and then as there were no horses or oxen provided, we had to play horse ourselves. Long ropes were attached to each cart, and a team of fourteen or fifteen men laid hold of it. Part of the road was corduroyed and part of it was not—Dawson's men being still engaged in the work. The boats were hauled over the corduroy roads by means of ropes, three crews uniting to haul over one boat. Where the roads were not corduroyed, skins were placed for the boats to slide over. We soon got so used to this hauling and pulling, that we could obey the "gee" and "haw" of those who were guiding the boat or cart, as well as the best trained ox in the service. We very soon found out, too, that the build of a boat made a great difference in the work of portaging. A boat with the bow straight up and down, would forever go poking its snout under the skins, and into all the mudholes lying in its way; whereas one more curved in the bow would skim over the skins much more readily, and make the work far easier. It was quite dark that night before we got all the stuff and boats across to the west end, where we were to camp that night. No. 5 Company had managed to get away in the afternoon, and No. 4 Co. arrived at the east end of portage, having left McNiell Bay about 9 p. m. on Saturday. Being very tired after the day's hard work, (from 5 a. m. till 10 p. m.) Faulknor and I made down our bed in the open air—a proceeding we very much regretted before morning, when a heavy rain and thunder storm came on, completely drenching us. However, we got all our boats loaded, and left Kashabonie Portage at 8.30 a. m., on Tuesday, having spent two days and three nights there. We were now in the Kashabonie Lake, which, however, was more like a river, being narrow and tortuous. The scenery on both sides was as beautiful and romantic as rock and tree could make it. The day was beautiful, with a slight wind, just sufficient to ripple the water. We spread our sails, but still continued rowing, as with the wind we could not make much speed sailing only. We met on this Lake, canoes bearing Indian friends of our guide. After palavering among themselves for some time, our guide finally made signs to the Captain that his friends wanted some hard tack,—after giving a small quantity of which we parted company. There were some ugly specimens of Indians among them; indeed, our guide was no beauty.

We arrived at the Height of Land Portage at 12.30, having had four hours of steady rowing. The distance across this portage was originally two miles, but a creek had been discovered which took us to a narrow neck of land, and made the portage only $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles across. Some of the brigades that preceded us had some difficulty in discovering this creek, but our guide was thoroughly conversant with every inch of the way, and brought us to it without the least hesitation. The water of this creek was very shallow, which necessitated our jumping into the water and pulling the boats through till we got to waist deep, when the creek opened into a beautiful lake of small dimensions, with a portage at the other end. Here we found Nos. 5, 6 and 7 Companies, a Company of the 60th having just left. We could do nothing till 4 p. m., when we unloaded our boat, but could not portage any that night. No. 4 Company arrived in the afternoon, bringing with them the *Chicora's* mails, which had overtaken them at Kaskabonie Portage.

Next morning we commenced portaging before breakfast. Here we had no carts but every thing had to be carried on our shoulders and backs. It was pretty heavy work, but we succeeded in getting all the stores and three of the boats across before night. We got the remainder of the boats across on Thursday, and by the time we had the boats loaded and ready for off it was 4. p.m. There is no water communication whatever between Kashabowie Lake and Lac des Milles Lacs, the one on which we were just entering. From this point (Height of Land Portage) the current runs eastward to the Atlantic and westward to the Rocky Mountains. The highest point of land on this portage is 1470 feet above the level of the sea, and some 800 feet higher than the level of Lake Superior.

On and after this portage, No. 4 worked with us, the two Companies or Brigades forming the 7th Detachment, Major McLeod in command. At 4 p. m. then, on Thursday, July 28th, the two Brigades "M" and "N" launched into the Lac des Milles Lacs (Indian name Mississagooga) our boat, Captain Macklem's leading, as there was only one guide for the two Brigades. From her bow, as an ensign, floated proudly one of those turkey red handkerchiefs of mine. It made a gay flag, and when we raised our masts, up it went to the top of the foremast.

This lake might with equal propriety have been called the Lake of the Thousand Islands, as it is studded with an innumerable number of islands of various sizes, and well supplied with rocks and trees. Altogether it made a scene of extreme loveliness. During the afternoon we had an opportunity of testing the sailing qualities of our boats. The "Bull Dog," for so our boat was named, showed her ability to lead with such a wind as we had, viz; a strong wind and fair abaft. About 7 p. m. we stopped at an island whereon to all appearance the foot of man had never before trod. Here we camped for the night; dog tents were pitched, and we had a good night's rest. It was agreed by all hands that the Hamilton boats were the best for rowing or sailing either. One of our boats, Hamilton built, was styled "Gen. O'Neill," and could outstrip any boat in the fleet with a smaller complement of oars, say 4 to any others 5 or sometimes 6 oars. It was etiquette only that gave the "Bull Dog" the first place, when oars were trumps.

We proceeded on our journey at 6.45 a. m. on Friday. There was no wind of any account, but we used the sails a little. Arriving at Baril Portage at 9 a. m. and finding the way clear for us, we set to work at once portaging stores and boats, which was all done and boats loaded by 4.30 p. m. By this time No. 4 Company had only their stores and two of their boats across. This Portage is 350 yards across, one half being up hill and the other down hill. Having to wait for No. 4 Company to load up stores, it was 6.45 p.m. when we left the Portage and entered the lake of the same name, Baril—Kashagookamuk in Indian. We arrived at a suitable camping ground at 8.10 p. m., and as we had had tea before leaving the Portage, the usual programme of making a bed for the night was followed. After breakfast on Saturday morning, we weighed anchor at 6.40, an hour's pulling bringing us to Brule Portage, which is 500 yards across. We had boats and stores over and loaded up again by 12 noon, when we had dinner and then had to wait for No. 4 Company. It was after 3 p. m. when we left Brule Portage, and entered Windegooshegan Lake. The scenery on this lake was similar to the others through which we had passed, and as in all the others the entire absence of animal life in their neighbourhood was very noticeable. After more than three hours rowing, finishing up by letting the boats drop down a rapid—which feat was accomplished by the crew landing and attaching ropes to the stern thwarts to ease her gently down—we reached a camping ground at 7 p. m. Next day being Sunday, we were allowed a little more rest than usual. It was 8.30 before we left our camping ground, and with a favorable wind we sailed for half an hour. About 10 o'clock we came to French River, which we had to pass through wading waist deep, and came to French Portage at 11 a. m., when we found Companies 5, 6 and 7 still busy.

Three Companies of the 60th Rifles had only left the day before. Not being able to do anything on the portage, we camped on the opposite bank of the river; and as the "Bull Dog" now leaked considerably, we unloaded her and turned up for repairs. After this I made myself more comfortable by wringing my trousers dry, and emptying the water out of my beef boots. We were allowed to rest for the remainder of the day, and we were happy in the thought that three months of our servitude had been completed that day.

Next morning, August 1st, we loaded our boats after breakfast and crossed the river to the portage, when we had again to unload and perform the usual amount of portaging, which with the hauling of four boats across was completed

by dinner time. The portage is about a quarter of a mile across, and is occasioned by a fall of about 60 feet in the French River, which connects Windegoostegon and Kaogasikok Lakes. The boat had only to go about half the distance overland, and were dropped down the stream to where the stores had to be portaged to. After dinner we had to wait until No. 4 Company had got their boats loaded and dropped further down stream. It was 5 p. m. when our boat—the last in this instance, owing to the extra loading and unloading we had to do—left French Portage and proceeded down French River, which is extremely narrow and winding; so narrow that oars could not be used if required, which fortunately they were not, as there was quite a swift current; and so winding that we were doubling on our course the whole time. It is said to be 6 miles in length; it may be so as the crow flies; but, besides the hour we spent in it on Sunday morning, it took us four hours to get from the Portage to the mouth of River. Arrived there we found that all the other boats had camped on the right bank of the Lake, just outside of the River. Our proper course lay in the other direction, towards the left, but we decided to camp along with the rest. As it was so late when we camped (after 9 o'clock), we decided not to pitch our dog tents, but lay in the woods with the starry sky for a canopy.

On Tuesday morning at 6.30 we proceeded on our journey, stopping at 8 a. m. to allow No. 4 Company to breakfast, having breakfasted ourselves before starting. At 9.30 we set sail, the wind being favorable, but, changing round about 11 we had the full benefit of a very heavy thunder and rain storm, which lasted more than two hours. Some of the crew landed and pitched tents to keep themselves dry, but we kept on our way; the relief not on duty taking shelter under the boat's tarpaulin. At 2 p. m. we arrived at Pine Portage, thoroughly drenched, but the sun had now come out in his strength and our garments soon became dry. We found Nos. 5 and 6 Companies still on the portage, No. 7 having just left. We did not attempt to land on the portage, but took possession of a point of land, a few hundred yards from it, and there bided our time. No. 1 Company arrived in the vicinity of the portage late that night, and took a position about two miles outside of ours. On Wednesday morning, No. 6 left the portage, and No. 5 followed in the afternoon. Nos. 3 and 4 took possession of the portage, and moved over all the boats and stores in the course of the afternoon, the distance being only 500 yards.

On Thursday, owing to the crowded state of the portage ahead, we did nothing in the forenoon; but after dinner we loaded the boats and crossed Dora Lake in half an hour, arriving at Deux Rivières Portage, one of the most difficult of the lot, owing to the steep ascents and descents and the swampy ground interspersed. The distance is 1100 yards across. The name—Deux Rivières—was formerly borne by this and the preceding (Pine) Portage; the latter having no existence in name, one portage of two miles in length bearing the name of Deux Rivières. Another route was found and two portages made, one (Pine Portage) between the Kaogasikok and Dora Lakes, and the other (Deux Rivières) between Dora and Sturgeon Lakes. We succeeded in getting all the stores across and camped on the west end. No. 2 Company arrived at Pine Portage, and a boat's crew of them came over to our portage, McArthur amongst others. The poor boy was unfortunate enough to have a blow on his left hand, which had the effect of impairing his powers as an able bodied seaman; otherwise he was in good health and spirits. On Friday we commenced operations by getting the boats across and loaded which was done by dinner time, when No. 4 Company came on to the east end of portage. We left the portage at 2 p. m.; and partly by wading and pulling through a reedy creek, the surface of which was plentifully bestrewn with water lilies, we entered Sturgeon Lake. On reaching this point, the Captain let out his trolling line and the hook was immediately seized by a monster sturgeon, who on the Captain's attempting to pull on board, at once made off with the spoon in his mouth, and our sport was at an end. Major McLeod was so fortunate as to secure a similar prize at the same place a short time afterwards. After sailing and rowing through Sturgeon Lake for four and a-half hours, we halted and camped for the night on the shore.

We resumed our journey at 5.45 a. m. next day, stopping at 7.30 for breakfast. At 9 proceeded on our way, and almost immediately came to a shoot or rapid, down which the boats were taken loaded by Indians appointed by Col. Wolsey especially for the purpose. The respective crews walked across the portage, and rowed the boats 200 yards further down the Sturgeon River, where there was another shoot to get over which the boats had to be unloaded and the stuff carried across, while

the boats were taken empty down the rapids by Indians. We had dinner here, after which we loaded the boats and started again; and at 2 p. m. the boats had to be thus taken down a third rapid. I had the pleasure of being one of the crew of four men required besides the Indians to take the boats down. One feels an indescribably gay sensation while shooting these rapids. It appears more dangerous to an observer on the shore than to a participant in the danger. After this, two hours rowing through Tanners Lake and the Maligu River, brought us 6 or 7 miles to another shoot distinguished by the name of Minninnies Falls, where we had again to unload the boats, portage the stores, and drop the boats down empty. Here we pitched our camp for the night.

On Sunday the work of loading the boats was proceeded with at an early hour. On completing the loading of our boat we found that she leaked so badly as to be unable to proceed further without repairs. We then had to unload and repair her, while the rest of the boats went on their way. While repairs were going on, we got breakfast ready, after partaking of which we loaded up, and proceeded on our way at 9.50 a. m.; arriving at Island Portage at 11.10 a. m., where we found the rest of the boats across and loading. With the assistance of some of the other's crews we got our boats and stores across and were all under way by 12 o'clock.

Our course still lay down the Maligu River, entering on Nequaquon Lake, one of the prettiest we had yet seen. We stopped at 2.10 p. m. for dinner, and at 4 p. m. resumed our journey, rowing against a strong head wind at the rate of one mile per hour. A little before sundown the wind abated, and we made a little better time till 7.20, when we stopped for the night. It came to my turn to mount guard over the boats that night. Guard mounting took place at 10 p. m., when the sentry of the 1st Relief took over his duties, which were merely to bail the boats, if they required it, every half hour, the balance of his time he could spend sitting at a fire. At 12 he roused the second relief, who this night happened to be myself; and in time I wakened No. 3 at 2 o'clock. Guard was dismounted at 4 a. m., by the last relief going to the bugler and wakening him to sound the "Rouse." The only thing of importance in my watch was that it rained slightly.

On Monday we resumed our journey at 5.20 a. m. and rowed till we came to Nequaquon Portage at 8.15. Here we had breakfast, and the distance being only 200 yards, we had every thing over and were on our way by 11 a. m. Rowing through Loon Lake we arrived at Oneecum Portage at 12.50 p. m. This portage is 350 yards across; and having to wait for No. 4 Company, it took us all afternoon to get boats and stores across and loaded, and were unable to proceed further that night. Leaving Oneecum Portage at 5.45 a. m., fifteen minutes rowing brought us to another very small portage the Indian name of which is Passion; where we had breakfast and were under way by 9.10 a. m., proceeding down Namenkan River, which is in most places difficult of navigation, and flows into Namenkan Lake, apparently the largest one we had yet come to. At 12 o'clock, we stopped for dinner, camping on the right hand side of the lake. While here the mail canoe came up with us, having on board Col. McNeill, Mr. Jolly, a control officer, and seven or eight Indians. They had left Shebandowan Lake on the Wednesday previous. My share of the mail was a letter and six papers from home.

We resumed our journey at 2 p. m., and were favored occasionally with a light breeze, which enabled us to sail. At 6.30 we encamped on an island in the centre of the lake, and christened it Canvas Island, so named because three of us now slept together, and it required more than the old dog tent to cover us, and we appropriated one of the sails, making with it a tent with sloping roof and one end. The third member of our party was Private Walker, M. D., of No. 2 Company, who was sent in Medical charge of the Detachment. We left Canvas Island at 5.30 a. m., on Wednesday, and at 6.30 arrived at Base Portage No. 1, which is some 200 yards across. Here we had breakfast and were under way again at 9.20 a. m. In ten minutes we were at Base Portage No. 2, which is somewhat larger than No. 1, being 300 yards across. We had dinner at this portage, and were off again at 1.15 p. m.; having now only to pass through Rainy Lake before arriving at Fort Francis. We had head wind till about 3 p. m. when the breeze failed, and again sprung up at 3.30, but from a more favorable quarter. We sailed until 7.15, making good use of our time, when we hauled up at an island for the night; the distance sailed being 18 miles. We passed during the afternoon a party of voyag-

eurs on their way from Fort Francis, which they had left at 2 p. m. the day before. They told us that the last detachment of the 60th Rifles had left the Fort that morning. There was a heavy rain and wind storm on the Wednesday night, with the consequent unpleasant effects. Rattlesnakes were reported in force on the island, but we saw none of them. A number of Indians visited our camp, and of course we had a considerable amount of pump-handle operations to go through. On Thursday, owing to the continuance of the storm, we did not leave the island until after breakfast. At 8.50 a. m. we put off and sailed for about half an hour, at the expiration of which time our course so changed as to bring the wind dead ahead. We rowed for an hour against this wind, but finally came to the conclusion that it would be better to land than waste our strength to so little purpose. We accordingly lay by, and were almost immediately visited by our friends of the night before, and many others. After dinner we had Indian war dances and songs in great profusion, responded by our fellows singing and clog dancing. We noticed a habit of the Indian matron—commonly called squaw—which was very filthy; being nothing else than masticating the anatomy of an insect of the genus *Pediculus*, extracted from the head of another lady of the same tribe. Here we remained for the night, only dropping the boats round to the sheltered side of the island.

On Friday morning, although the wind was still unabated, we could not brook further delay, and started at 5.50 a. m. Two hours hard rowing brought us to a point on the American shore, distance from starting point about 3 miles, where we had breakfast and then proceeded on our way at 9.50, wind still high, stopping at 12.25 for dinner. We made another start at 2.25 p. m., and by dint of hard rowing, made the mouth of Rainy River at 6.40 p. m. By this time the wind had gone down and there was a dead calm. At the entrance of Rainy River there are two rapids or shoals, which we ran in fine style, and reached Fort Francis or Rainy Fort—three miles from the mouth of the river—at 7.20 p. m.

We unloaded our boats at once, and then proceeded to pay a visit to the Fort, which stands a few hundred yards back from the portage. Our first care was to purchase a quantity of milk, for which article we had long wished. We succeeded in making a purchase from an elderly Scotch lady, Mrs. McKenzie by name. We did not pursue our travels any further, but returned to the portage, where we erected our sail tents and enjoyed high life, in the shape of hard tack soaked in milk, a very good change from our old diet of field hard tack. On Saturday after breakfast we paid another visit to the Fort. It is merely a Hudson Bay Co. trading post, protected by wooden palisades, as most of these forts are. There are four log cabins in addition to the Company's buildings, make up the entire of Fort Francis, which we had fondly supposed to be a considerable settlement. There were 5 lodges of Indians here; a few days before there were as many as 400 of them. Here we found No. 7 Co. 1st O.R. camped, their duty being to bring up the rear of the whole expedition. Here we saw for the first time an Indian mode of burying dead. They place the corpse in a wooden box, and elevate said box on four posts, eight or ten feet high. One of these coffins had fallen from its elevated position, and the bones of a warrior lay exposed to the gaze of the pale faces; beside him lay the remains of his rifle, tomahawk, scalping knife, &c. One of his teeth was appropriated by Dr. Walker, as a souvenir of his visit. He would like to have taken the skull altogether, but the Indians do not like the skeletons of their dead to be handled. Fort Francis owns a grist mill; we noticed also a four-acre wheat field, which had been cut three or four days before.

In the course of the forenoon we got our stores across the portage, and exchanged some of our boats for better ones. We exchanged the "Bull dog" for a boat of lesser capacity, but an easier boat to work on land or water. Our new boat we named the "Forest Queen." There is a fall of about 50 feet at Fort Francis, which occasions the portage; over this fall an immense quantity of water rushes. Being ready to start by 12 noon, we had dinner, and while thus engaged Co.'s one and two arrived at the portage. I saw and had a few minutes conversation with J. M. McArthur, and got a lot of papers from him. Our detachment, Nos. 3 and 4 Companies, left Fort Francis at 12.40, stopping at 1.20 p. m., to give the officers a chance to dine. Made another start at 2.20 p. m., and proceeded down Rainy River at the rate of five or six miles an hour, stopping at 7.15 for the night at a distance of about 30 miles from Fort Francis. While approaching Fort Francis, both in Rainy Lake and River, a great change takes place in the appearance of the country. The rocks and trees which abounded in previous parts of the journey, are then changed into

green sloping banks and lands bearing evidences of cultivation. The same appearance is presented this side of Fort Francis along the whole extent of Rainy River. The timber also has undergone a change, being much larger than that seen in the earlier stages of the journey. That night we made down our beds among prairie grass as tall as ourselves nearly.

On Sunday, we resumed our journey at 5.15 a. m., stopping for breakfast at 6.30, just before coming to a rapid which a dense fog prevented us from viewing. After breakfast the fog cleared away and we weighed anchor at 8 a. m., rowing the rapids gaily, and stopped at noon for dinner, having made 25 miles since morning. Off again at 2 p. m., rowing easily until 8 p. m., when we encamped in the vicinity of an Indian village about three miles from Lake of the Woods. Having seen a cow in the vicinity of the village while approaching, we made a grand rush for milk, and we three were fortunate enough to get about a gallon to our own cheek. With this we made another good mess of soaked hard tack and then retired for the night, well satisfied with our day's work, having made about 50 miles. Weighed anchor at 5.30 a. m. on Monday, and by the aid of a gentle breeze reached Lake of the Woods at 6.45. Here we found a stiff breeze waiting to waft us along at a good steady rate, and we kept on till 8 o'clock, when we landed to breakfast and avoid, a heavy rain storm. The rain and breakfast being over, we started again at 10 a. m. and the wind having slightly changed, but still greatly in our favor, we made another good run till 1 p. m., when we stopped for dinner. Started again at 2.45, this time with a whiteash breeze, which blew until 7.15 p. m., when we camped on an island for the night. We left camp at 5.30 a. m., sailing until 8.30, when we halted for breakfast, weighing anchor again at 9.50 and sailing all day, not even stopping for dinner. We reached the Hudson Bay Co.'s post at end of lake at 5.15 p. m. We had left our Indian guide at Fort Francis, where he lived, and had got another—a half-breed, Jim Smith by name. He was not very well acquainted with the route, not having been over it for a number of years. The consequence was we went a little astray from our proper course. Still we had not made bad time, having travelled over Rainy River and Lake of the Woods since noon of Saturday, a distance of 160 miles. At the Hudson Bay Co.'s post we made dinner and tea together; procured more milk, took on board another Scotch half-breed guide in addition to Smith, and in the middle of a pelting shower of rain, rowed over to Rat Portage to camp there for the night. We woke on Wednesday morning, to find ourselves lying in water, it having rained considerably during the night. Still drizzling, we went to work to get over the first portage in the Winnipeg River. We had dinner on this portage and left at 2.30 p. m. The first obstacle we came to was Les Dallas Run, where all the crew was landed except four rowers and the guides. With this party the boat descended the rapids gallantly, and picking up the balance of the crew below the rapid, we rowed on uninterruptedly until 6.50 p. m., when we camped for the night. My turn for guard came again that night. My relief was from two to four, but I was up by one a. m., the rain having caused me to get up out of a wet bed and build a log fire in front of our sail tent. On Thursday, the weather being very disagreeable, we left camp at 5.50 a. m., reaching the Grand Discharge Rapid at 7.30. This we surmounted in the same way as Les Dallas, and arrived at Yellow Mud Portage at 8 a. m. This portage is 150 yards across. Here we breakfasted and left at 11.35, reaching Pine Portage at 12 noon. This portage is 200 yards across, and was pretty difficult on account of the mud. Dined here and left at 5 p. m. Passed Islington Mission and camped on an island at 7.15 p. m. Weighed anchor at 5.45 a. m. on Friday; air cold and clear; wind favorable. Made about eight miles and stopped at 7.30 for breakfast on an island opposite the mouth of English River. Pushing off again at 9.10, we reached Portage D. L. Island, which we surmounted by rowing the rapids. This can be done only at certain seasons, according to the depth of the water. We got there at 10 a. m., and by the time the two brigades got over it was eleven o'clock, when we kept on till 12.25, when we stopped for dinner. At 2.10 p. m. we shaped our course through Eagle Lake, followed by a very stiff breeze, which rendered our foremast foresail useless by springing the bows out to which the mast was attached. We kept on with our mainsail and landed at 6.45, when we camped for the night. Leaving camp at 5.35 a. m. on Saturday, we arrived at Chute a Jacquot at 6.10. This is a very beautiful fall, round which we had to make a portage of 200 yards very level. Here we breakfasted and started again at 8.55, arriving at a portage called Tres Points des Bois. As the name implies, there are three points of woods jutting out into the

river with a rapid at each point, making in reality three portages. We arrived at Portage No. 1 at 10.45, and though the portage was 400 yards across, we had boats and stores over and loaded, and were again on our way to the 2nd P. de B. which was only 100 yards distant. In half an hour we had boats across and loaded, and after dinner we started for P. de B. No. 3 at 1.30 p. m., 15 minutes' rowing bringing us there. Here again 30 minutes sufficed for portaging. When on the point of leaving there at 3.40 p. m., we learned that a man of No. 4 Co. had accidentally shot himself with a revolver, on the preceding portage. Dr. Walker went back to see him, but not having any instruments for extracting a ball, a boat's crew of No. 4 Co. was sent back to hurry Dr. Codd along. He is the surgeon of the Battalion, and was coming up with No. 6 Co. The wounded man was left on the portage, with two comrades, to await the arrival of the doctor. We pursued our way and arrived at Slave Falls Portage at 4.50. This portage is about half a mile across, and it took us till 7 o'clock to get our boats and stores across, after which we camped for the night. The next day being Sunday and having worked so hard the day before, we were allowed to be in bed till 8 a. m., when we got breakfast. Having got a good deal the start of No. 4 Co. the day before, we had to wait for them this day, and it was 10.50 when the bugle sounded the advance. There was no wind that day, but the air was warm and pleasant; quite a change from the last few days, which had been rather cool and inclining to rain. We arrived at Le Barrine at 12.20, where we had to portage boats and stores over about 20 or 30 yards of rock, and at 12.40 we dropped a little way down the stream to a convenient place for dinner. This was on the border of a beautiful little bay, and had evidently been used as a camp ground by some preceding brigade. Here we saw the grave of an Indian child; beside the coffin lay its playthings. We left there at 3.20 p. m. When emerging from the bay we met a number of guides sent by Col. Wolsely for the service of those Brigades which were in need of their services. They were not required by us. We reached the Otter Falls at 5.20, running them without disembarking stores or men. After running a succession of smaller rapids, we reached the seventh portage at 6.50 p. m. No. 1 was got over (by our crew only) by supper time, and we camped there for the night. Next morning we broke up camp at 5.30, and in six minutes our boat landed at Portage No. 2, and in half an hour we were on our way to No. 3 Portage, which we avoided by running the rapids, arriving at Portage No. 4 at 6.10 a. m., for crossing which 40 minutes sufficed. Here we breakfasted, and leaving at 8.30, reached Portage No. 5, crossed it, and were on our way at 9.20 towards No. 6, which we avoided by running the rapids, reaching No. 7 Portage at 9.35 a. m. Here we had boats and stores across by 10 o'clock, and while waiting for the other boats we got our dinner ready. At 12.30 we started to run a rapid below the portage. In so doing, the boat sprung a tremendous leak and we had to put in in a hurry, and unloading her, turned her up for repairs. Several others of the boats followed our example in all respects. One crew, from the quantity of water in the boat, fancied she had sprung also, and being the next boat to descend the rapid after ours, they nobly followed our example, and on inspection found that they had shipped the water over the gunwale. The Lieutenant's boat ran up high and dry on a rock, where the crew had to unload her before getting her off, which they did without accident. It gave them an extra portage, though. One of No. 4 Co.'s boats,—Major Macleod's, and the largest in the two Brigades,—took a fancy to run down one of the rapids on its own hook, but paid for its temerity by having its nose pretty badly damaged. At 4.15 p. m., the fleet again weighed anchor and rowed until 6.50 p. m., when we camped for the night a short distance from Lac de Bonnet. On Tuesday, August 23rd, (having been one month out from Shebandowau), we broke up camp at 6.20 in a shower of rain, and sailing and rowing across the end of Lac de Bonnet, reached a portage called Gallais de Bonnet No. 1, at 7.30 a. m. We breakfasted here and left at 9.30, ten minutes rowing bringing us to Gallais de Bonnet No. 2 Portage, which we surmounted in 25 minutes, and started again at 10.10 for the Grand Bonnet Portage, which we reached at 11 a. m. The portage is nearly a mile across, and very level. We had dinner here; also more rain, and left about 6 o'clock for Petit Bonnet Portage, which we reached after ten minutes' rowing. After unloading we had to run the boat up for repairs, as she was leaking badly. We camped here for the night, and on awaking on Wednesday morning, found it had been raining all night, and had not yet got through. We left this portage at 10.45, and reached White Mud Portage at 11.25. The appearance of this portage was not at all belied by the name. It is about one quarter mile across, the mud being awful, and the

rain, which continued to pelt down, not being in any way conducive to comfort. Here we left No. 4 Co., their Captain wishing to give his men a chance to dry themselves if possible. Capt. Macklem thought it best to push on to Fort Alexandre, from which we were not far distant. We accordingly left White Mud Portage at 3.10 p. m., reaching First Silver Falls Portage at 4.20. Crossing this, we pushed on to Second Silver Falls Portage, which was close by, at 5.12. Here we camped for the night. On Thursday morning, still raining, we left Second Silver Falls Portage at 9.12 a. m., and running two rapids successfully, arrived at Pine Portage at 11 o'clock. This portage is about 400 yards across. Here we had dinner, after which we loaded our boat and found she leaked so badly that we had again to unload and make her undergo temporary repairs. We bid adieu to our last portage at 2.10 p. m., and steered our course straight for Fort Alexandre. By this time the rain had ceased and the sun was shining in his strength. We reached Fort Alexandre at 3.40 p. m., this being merely a Hudsons Bay Company's post and store. All that could be purchased at the store was tobacco and sugar. The charge for the latter article, dry crushed, was 1s. 6d stg. per pound. How is that for altitude? No. 4 Co. arrived about 6 p. m. We were served out with a ration of fresh meat and potatoes for next day; the latter we could have in any quantity for the digging; the greater portion of the former was stolen by dogs over night. We had Divine service that evening inside the walls of the Fort, a clergyman having come from the Indian Mission in the vicinity, for that purpose. This was the first we had since leaving Thunder Bay. Our parson had attempted to bring Sunday and divine service up as far as the Matawin Bridge, where the Battalion was formed upon the bridge for the purpose of hearing him read the service; but a threatened shower of rain cut him and his performance off short. Since that time Sunday, to all appearances, had no existence. We pitched our camp here for the night. On Friday morning, having been appointed cook for the day, I had to be up at five o'clock. I got the breakfast of tea and fried pork ready in good season. After breakfast the mail arrived and was distributed—three papers being my share. We set sail from Fort Alexandre at 8.35 a. m., putting in at 12 o'clock for dinner, after making some 15 miles. In my capacity of cook I made rather a mess of the dinner, wood being scarce and the pot leaking in which I had put the potatoes (peeled) and the beef to make soup. I had a great deal of trouble in getting the fire to burn, and when at last I had got a roaring fire round the pot, the bugle sounded the advance and our crew making no attempt to move, Major Macleod and Capt. Macklem came to enquire the cause. I told them and on looking into the pot, I found that the water had just boiled away. The meat and potatoes were served out as they were. I contented myself with a couple of potatoes and a hard tack, and we went on board at 2.15 p. m. Owing to a strong head wind which prevailed, we did not make more than eight miles, and camped for the night at 6.45 p. m. Again I acted in my capacity as cook, and as no pork had been served out, there was nothing to do but make the tea, which was not very hard to do. I can tell you I was thankful when night came and my duties as cook finished, for it was a job I detested. It had come to my turn once before on the Expedition and for two days at a time, but I induced two other fellows to do it for me. On Saturday a strong head wind prevailed all forenoon, during the continuance of which it was not considered safe to venture out on the still troubled waters of Lake Winnipeg, and starting at 12.45, we had hard rowing until sundown, when the wind changed and we made sail, reaching the mouth of the Red River (which, by the way, we had a good deal of trouble in finding), about 10 p. m. Here we camped for the night in the open air in close proximity to an Indian village. We broke up camp at 7 a. m. on Sunday, and rowed up the Red River against a head wind, camping at noon for dinner at Monkton's Farm. Here we had onions, milk, and wild plums. We pushed out into the stream again at 2 p. m. As our boat passed an English church, the bell pealed forth merrily and continued to do so while the fleet passed. The people on the banks cheered us as we passed, and of course we cheered in reply. We finally arrived at the Lower or Stone Fort, and camped for the night under its walls. This was not our destination, so at 5.55 next morning we resumed our journey up the river. About five miles from the Stone Fort there is a rapid up which, by dint of wading and poling, we succeeded in getting our boat, and then we landed for breakfast. Again pushing out, we had a head wind and rapid current to contend against until 1 p. m., when we landed for dinner. Resuming our journey at 2 p. m., and finding it hard work pulling against wind and current, we tried towing, which succeeded so well that we kept it up until we came to a place where the current was less rapid, when we again

took to the boat. At one place there was gathered on the bank a number of school children who had the "flag that braved," &c., displayed to the breeze. They cheered us as we passed. We found out afterwards that these were the children of Mr. Black's parishioners, under charge of our friend Mr. Whimster. After this we passed two companies of the 60th Rifles, who were on their return journey. The fleets cheered each other as they passed. When within a couple of miles of Fort Garry, we halted to allow the boats in the rear to catch up, so that we should approach the Fort in a body. After waiting for about an hour, two boats were still missing. We went on without them, and found out afterwards that they had landed opposite the Scotch Settlement, and were hospitably treated by the inhabitants. At 6.45 p. m. the "Forest Queen" ran up on the beach of the Assiniboine, under the walls of Fort Garry, and so ended, as far as her crew was concerned, "An Expedition unparalleled in our Military annals." Hoping you will accept this as merely a plain statement of facts, connected with that portion of the Expedition to which I had the honor to belong,

I remain as ever,

Your affectionate brother,

JOHN EMSLIE.